

## DOG PUKE

*"hey guys anybody mind if I zoom in"*

"let you have it Said / the paperclip. /

The social Aleph menarche Gib Gnab polk street polk street Lenin Lenin  
aloha. if a Certain 530 things are uh supplied ... & if not that's ok too cuz we  
Do The Revolution Now & as you supply them one by one the situation  
which resulted  
will improve

How many we got I say

Eighty six it says

Do it

it did.

::

I just copied the same text onto a higher plane.

In the company ^of strangers, hello, held at gunpoint, Al Jazeera  
has obtained images of a German-  
looking for the balls of  
Rice to

kick.IDS

tux into

yr ribs

his ember

buttocks *mm*

*just hot*

| & like Data

as I

relate

me so

so bit

ters

wee

tly

Ho

w Ti

s th

e dreqm form

gqve y a pisical

identity i did ionce losve

The skij Clearway stan

ball threaded thru to y, and

as condiment bread fans, bye Real-Me & Fake-Me, bread? Like 5?

Get 6 huh hid in sud pinna birthed thne 1st attempt at Total Click

R' #pollute from the getgo by forx bong fundamentalism's gendered

Gendersz \ Civil jump on you honey disobedience

heres a centaur ignore him. O RAPEMAN *mon mec*

panopoly of tenement gloom RAPEMAN: *he* saw punishment

In mews infected Cud ramp

One is predisposed to  
 imagine that there exists above  
 man an animal scar, sealing  
 him against the celestial  
 like a kind of lid yet communicating  
 thru its woundedness a kind of  
 celestial history. The miraculous  
 formula which would have allowed  
 us to face our separate destinies together  
 was writ on the leaves over which you  
 were ill but I dreamt five feet from here you  
 taught me three coded cuedew, what is  
 cueding if not aberrant crypsis? The mind is  
 a labyrinth consisting purely of stinks,  
 through this the afterlife of limerence is  
 running a stiff wind. you cant, t define  
 the infrathin auchamp claims coquettishly only  
 exemplify, which is just a way to assert  
 again the priority of instance, definition is  
 always the biggest example left in the tin  
  
 manners      tongue the wound forgot

"freeze"      and      "smoke"  
 are metaphors      huh

I fear the jerk ahead so much  
my fingers turn to Their bums Thint toh issue \* *She*  
*entering that room and immeddpgitkyl;*  
*Everyone whatqd work as a weapon* Rung  
Vexing the Colons of  
Benefits embezzelers *J'ai double* whitey  
Immured gill blddd slim rail trailed anchor gossip of  
The Total Click.

silver  
Their chastised colon prolapses so hard the ground  
Snaps. Our Blood stunned up carries on A RAPEMAN.fr When y  
Need to txcwist this hard foosman chimney swifts a limit glitch  
The Dutch oven in the dalek known, this cheek rag Cud Clyster ya  
rail

of cicada bleach  
Norm smores cicatrix clipping the  
edge *J'ai double* of The clement. The stinking fuse. Enjoined to swallow He  
Clickstream stood Back to imagine it lit The bnath four legs  
How much rp plus? How to Joburg taste  
Then presenting as plugs, wee pegasi, grac-  
ile child of clit & eyeflaw. "Wizard Rock

Spongebath Avalanche Lilys ( Clegs clipping the edge of Soph's limerence  
Cud ollies Unshod – wears snhoes. dumb old clement mixer Clearwing moth  
the yellowists Stilleto-shod palfrey's breath ugh OK RAPEPERSON  
Joburg taste Unusually taciturn for her height for the

Zero sum game." The currys of the future /  
Will be made of different types of shit" the total click was exactly  
The shit it meant. The things I do for no blood in me,  
Throqt – 9[...] gong [...] white bees  
or bovine fqlling so  
hqrd to their knees The field snaps. Lek. Meal. Condiment bread. Breqd.  
That goes 8 wrong without saying 8 "Well "Cicatrix/\_cockatrice"dy-dee

That \_"Ate\_"'s invasive SURGERY Its fucking Toke\_sized\_angel  
solim 8h On the CRUDIFORM shoulder(whisper "Y-e-s-s ... *Suckoff Cubs on a*  
*grid love god thy ps*" All o'er agen – plus, I in my own person

Gêlded<sup>peachy</sup>gracile DOWN to × "cud, being tipped, 8& gid," &/or /  
"gravid\_li'l\_ beeze 8braceleted lam flourishes Fitting\_ gravity" / the  
bees, the cows,  
That at Thou /&Wed w/ anything but satisfying cAmeltoe clef  
-tness crumbs arranged IN The Puzzle That Is Bread.

Fortressed in Dung-dim combs,  
Dark, Heavy w/ fert they smoke out Against the blue slide,

meanwhilst  
clubs of grass under the coquettish maul  
Of picking forwardZZ Do you joe take this cameltoe - - -  
Transport, in him, was dumb. The field snaps. Lek. Meal. Lean it  
Back in before for the sudden to occur it is too late against Beckett suspecting  
the suprasensory spectrum is populated with porn (cf. Murphy somewhere)  
strongly.

not the avant garde skipping blithely ahead of the  
Zamboni pooper scooper adapting its ideas for the shelves  
but rather correlative events in both commodified &  
utopian progressive fringes, both responding to the  
same background but w/o necessarily communicating  
directly...  
So...

## HAX: A RECUPERATION

<i>

He shaved and cut his top lip. The light was bad.  
Then he walked in the cold to see the others.

There was ~~amp~~ on the table. "Only one man has ever  
made the run from Hackney Downs to Covent Garden Oasis.  
Name's [[inaudible]] [c]all him "The Fax"... Only problem  
is . . . "The Fax" ~~is~~ down at HMP Pentonville, working through  
the first of sixteen life sentences.

"We might offer 'The Fax' a reduced sentence, in return  
for his assistance." / The others chuckled. There was  
crusts in his eyes. He would wait until his hands  
weren't cold to wipe them away. There was a spot  
of blood on the rim; lipstick. <i>

\* \* \* )5566-----

PENT UP.

She hoped to distance herself from ~~that~~ popular  
"little girl" image by masterminding a sexual supercrime  
consortium. "That ~~show~~ was amazing and it changed my life  
but I'm about more than that just. My parents have ~~always~~  
been there to guide me and to raise me and not just let me  
raise myself at all, and I thank them every day for how full and how  
grounded - just how ~~they~~ instill the need - the true values and not  
of like a superficial value of importance; so it's all about family  
and of course your God. Hopefully this will make people see that.  
Some of my clients have rather ... specialist tastes." \* \* \*

<i> "Only one man I know can bust out "The Fax"... Vito Ratteni  
his name, but they call him "The Spine." He's busted from Pentonville  
six or seven times and is the jacketholder on that particular institute.  
Knows where the spiders kiss. Made a shank claymore. Knows where the  
spiders kiss. We've been over that. Only problem is, "The Spine's" down  
for ten with good behavior, not with "The Spine" what really springs to  
mind." / "What is the nature of his accommodation." / "That nature is  
HMP Featherstone for rape with intent... Are we going to unwrap these  
bagels or are we just going to stare at them." / Hands shift mean,  
charming freshwater from paper piles, prepared to shuffle. / The Delight  
and Touch logo appears on linens where snuff hair spreads. / "Only one  
man ~~can~~ can extract "The S  
pine from his situation in Featherstone.

\*\*\*  
DEFENSE  
forms a  
continuum  
w/ CONSENT

"i expect  
a beating  
i am such  
a lucky girl  
i expect  
a beating  
i am such  
a lucky  
girl"

\* \* \*  
The Thames  
was a horrid  
big.

imp. than influences,  
also post-Kuhnian  
models of  
progress

"Career Change" a bit... still  
framed "a recuperation" prob.  
category; various retardations of  
various political potentialities more

NOTE on HAX & BLACK WATER: First idea: familiar  
comedy trope, Hollywood hacks gather to  
"develop" art for market, the horror as  
they dig out the formulaic... cf. Amis's

HAX

Nudity  
is  
often  
a sign  
of  
trauma

The entire staff of KPMG, some 8000 people, found trembling and shaved in Leather Lane and the stairs leading up to Rosebery Avenue. The subliminal "cumrags" in comrades: Astral Tories put it that way. Jhapheth, reprogrammed by the harbour snipers xfinxxxxxxxixphixxgxm cerebrum-tipped round, locates the sabotage disguise ~~chassidic~~ ~~capote~~ ~~boasting~~ ~~unuglass~~ ~~Russell~~; puts it back -- "so much for poststructuralism," he boasts, the champagne of the Neurosurgical Sniping Division is premature, if you watch what Jhapheth does next. / It is not difficult to love, really love with bated breath, something both as precise and soft as a cat; so called "cat haters" are simply afraid of what they might do. For every person the bunker can sustain, muses Francis, I might ~~thousand~~ 3 1/2 felines. "This equates

The  
more  
accurately  
I identify  
love,  
the  
weaker  
it seems

in no way their lives & ours, in fact is the CONTRARY of sentimentality." My put heart. EMILY in desperation commandeering cuspidors to lubricate convention. Total absorption in the wargaming it; no idea it's the simulation. He wiggles his friendly teeth.

EMILY AND FRANCIS HAD HAD that spat about the bunker ~~hoi~~ ~~san~~ sauce

"We don't fetch from the bunker. A dinner party is not an emergency" audible kitchen whisper, JEALSIE beaks battle ~~coke~~

MUST NOT SLEEP MUST WARN OTHERS" (FRANCIS does the math;)"

Thames of running twilight where the Tate dust hovers Egg curtseying to dish before your eyes; agree to meet in a caff & stare, "I love you with so much of my heart I have none left to vow my love by" There is a throne-shaped bomb under the table... to count shells, and this is my wish cuz I believe you loved me more than words say, count me instead of one.... thin burger meat like lid off alost jar of it countaining cud JEALSIE pinned down wi his troops for six all-nighters, offers ~~an~~ take-out "Two veggies sarge" three stages of cud mingled, spit aches in bellard, the almond bell-tower, he's a collaborator Emily ... the watchful elegance of the-wit-~~in~~ the witch immersed in his back .. his shoulders gnarl with health as he reaches another tuna tin "JESUS LET ME OUT ... LET ME OUT LET ME OUT LET ME OUT ... I don't want to be down here in the dark, down here with you & whoever you decide .... I can't do it. Fuck life, I don't need it. I don't need language. Fuck language and fuck gender, I'm going out."

... To meet...

"""" Agree to sit in a caff & stare...  
2 mouthfuls of silence (Celan)

mouthful of silence  
cicada . it follows her in a bellard  
top hat..."When you wish upon a STAR", hear  
the shackles bashing like hear the hinge in a coot's throat  
top hat and huge threat... this conscience, what

we've agreed to call yr vast beetle god

SAP now calculates necessary/surplus labour time  
sheet output ... you'll agree ... decay ...

face destroyed by cheque fluid superheated and destroying it back  
JEALSIE ... GUNNAR pumps four faggots down his  
infected smashing chest, MUST NOT SLEEP? MUST WARM OTHER  
coattails .. underjunk .. they and the glass are lifted  
by the light ...

Emily is  
pursued  
by a  
grotesquely  
swollen  
Jimmy  
Cricket  
through  
a labyrinth  
of subtly  
gradated  
scents...  
Since the  
system  
is her  
mind she  
must try  
not to  
waft the  
walls away

They  
lose  
their  
but points

They suffer  
terribly and die

Jhapheth  
also  
refused  
to "let  
us in"

Jealsie  
has  
problems  
of  
his own

They  
meet  
to give  
it 1  
last chance

Worse  
even  
than a  
star

Sweet dung up. The mower

The sudden gust whips up the scrum's skirt

& don't

the weeds

*about her heels smell sweet* A reql child of a fuck Approaches off a  
cowtip in every small lift of limb

If you are ever in danger, blow this chiropodist and serve him nerve endings.

And some older punks you have cleansed with your pinna. You er know by  
don't you. (He with his long fingernails sets sail out of a charnel hatch.

The dalek is expanding and the dark matter . . .

is you! Orgasms with an um. The clinkers are full of thinkers so Ja Jeff

(Hilson) Sets sail for never mind that but does it bursting out of a

Total Trap \*not clearness. Lets have a gurn'see

the circlets among the white swarm of him have pixie missions

of they *own*, circularly golden-calf-tipping for instance

or other hex prank *What Is There To Do*. Thanks to Rednex mexico

plinkers remix. Bleach cuffs that round and round This transluscent mess

Softly Austral in this Scotch English chain store

I am looking for a lighter sheet I had one to Dora.

A bold gib that. The closest he come to admitting

What's been happening to the Princesses of Fact.

yaay

I hand the pixel mission 'velope to the generaless



who hands it to the scion of oblivia. He glances at it,  
looks on the back, then clears his throat:

“in vain  
onto a slumbering dale  
We soldered a vane”

TAMS DOING IT AGAIN HES IN HIS CORNER

“hey guys anybody mind if I zoom in”  
 “no go head” we all murmur  
 ... “I’m just going to scroll up if that’s ok”  
 “yeah sure do it” we agree about it

And Candice has done everything in her power to get me into bed, lubing the her coverlet's dogear no limit to it. But I alone recognise my mating dance, it is to rear up a bewildering labyrinth of topics,

in tiresome delivery. With its it was thrice made their dream  
circumvent a puppet? Virtually anything."

historical image as Takes roach shadow powder review Min  
last that a city, an army, his anarchist of the "cult of the other  
ons. The quest that would pulse 110. They advice, however, t  
and its evocation, by his friends. Buñuel's film *L'Âge d'or* Com  
rs.

attacks The ladder, the lead one to suppose. a in the long run,  
came under attack. Admittedly, peasantry class. Heng share  
ey

g from his as is said — in another of itself as being rational. s  
tiresome delivery. With its Our warfighters tower maturity  
make itself respected about and they're installation through  
nceivable, on sit in the gutted the makers of Gordon's. has a  
What

iceWaterhouseCoopers and the museum itself as prophet) w

dophile.

ssion, now distanced himself  
ne man nails a

ada.

